Oliver Cromwells GHOST,

Dropt from the CLOUDS.

HEY! What an Alteration's here, in this unhappy Kingdom? Here's *Presbyterian* against *Protestant*, and PAPIST against them both: Here's KING tugging one way; and PARLIAMENT tugging another: Whilst the sly PAPIST leaves no Stone unturn'd to destroy both together. The Popish Irish, the Fantastical French, and the worst part of the *Scotch* have every one an Eye upon *ENGLANDS* Ruin.

I have no Patience to see those FOOLS, that I so lately humbled, take such ambitious and destructive Measures? What always PLOTTING? and never satisfied? and plotting always against KINGs and QUEENS. Where were your Plots in my Dayes? I could sit at the Helm a long time undisturb'd! The French were as calm as the *Thames* in the midst of Summer! I made the bloody *Bog-Trotters* run into Caves and Woods, and happy was he, That could rest there unseen. I made the Priests run like Chaff before the Wind, and the Jesuites were blown up like Gun-powder in the Air; The Pope was glad that he could enjoy his tripple Crown in Peace: for the very Name of CROMWEL was as dreadfull as an Army to him: But now he begins to rouze like a man from his sleep, and sends his seditious Emissaries to all the Corners of the Earth: Here's Treason discover'd, and there's Treason an Hatching; Here's a heap of Jesuites in one consult, and there's a Knot of Lords and a Pack of Knaves in another: But I see indeed you have lessned the number; for I can hear *STAFFORD* bellowing like a butcher'd OX, and roaring in vain for leave to make a Second Speech, or to explain his former: I can hear the Priests and Jesuites cursing their Senses for contriving such detestible Lies just at the hour of Execution; and tearing their Tongues for speaking such abominable Lies: But, alas! what an inconsiderable Number are they to those as deeply concernd in the same *PLOT* as themselves? They are but like a Drop to an Hogshead of Water, or like a River to the Ocean, for their Number, may be

called *Legion*. Oh, that I could pick up the Crumbs of my mangled Body again, That I might set their Clock once more in order: Oh! That I might be suffered, now, to do as much for King *Charles* the Second, as I did against King *Charles* the first: That I might regain my Credit: I would, not fear but be knighted for my good Service! but, in vain do I beg for a united body to this my disturbed Soul untill the Resurrection: Well, since I can give you no personal Help, dear Country-men, this I will do at a distance, Ile send you my Weekly Pacquet of Advice, to shew you the Marks and Manners of the Swarming Papists, that you may see them better than by *L'Estrange*'s Eyes: and, when you know them, if you will then mingle your selves with them and partake of their Society, you your selves are guilty of your own Ruine. I doubt the King will hardly hear my Doctrine, or else I would tell him, How mightily they help'd me on with his Fathers Ruine: 'Tis their Interest to weaken every opposing Power, that they at last may be sole Conquerors of the whole World. But, if my Advice may be taken, I could wish His Majesty would offer up those living Sacrifices in the Tower, that they may be no longer worshipped by their Idolatrous Brethren in this world: when the Head is cut off the Body's soon quiet; this you saw by the late Lord *Stafford*: nor is His Majesty safe here, till he yet goes farther, and roots out all their Spawn from amongst his loyal Subjects: One scabed Sheep will infect a whole Flock; if he cannot Cure them, let him Kill them; *Immedicabile vulnus Ense recidendum est*; But this is hard to be done without the Advice of a Parliament, would he but once lend an Ear to those wise Charmers, he would soon be almost as glorious on earth, as his Royal Father is glorious in Heaven; 'tis their Interest to stick to him, and to stand by him: and, I firmly believe they long to see him farr more potent and powerful than he is, its their Sorrow, that there are misapprehensions of their well meaning towards him, its their unspeakable Grief that they cannot yet come to a right understanding of one anothers intentions: but I hope, and they hope, and every good man desires, that the ensuing Parliament will be more fortunate then the rest have been, to the shame and confusion of *Rome*, and the peace and security of the Protestant Religion.

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